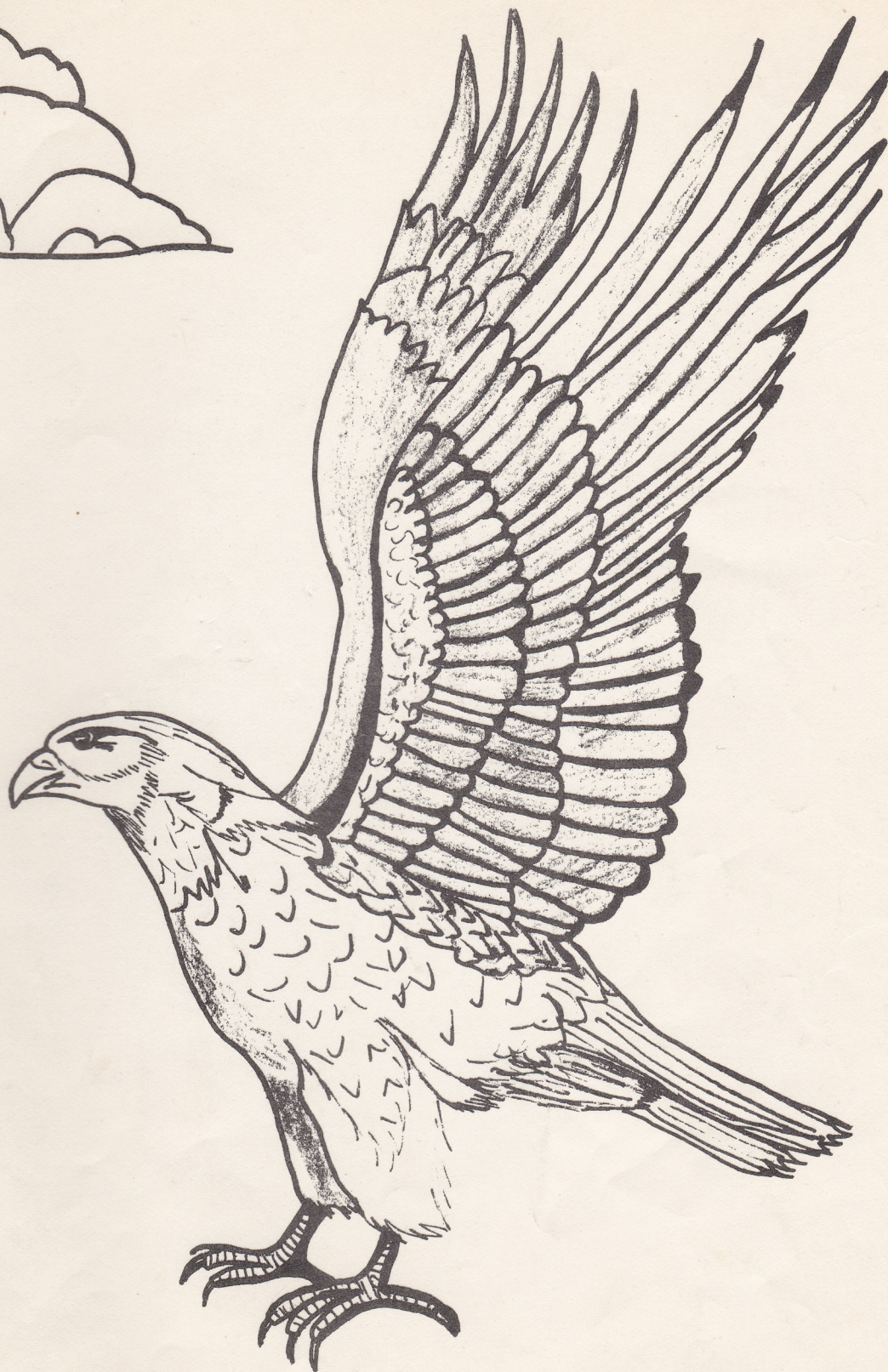
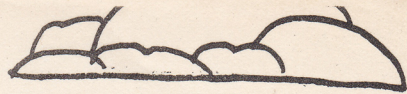


Spring ? ~~Spring~~ 74
Fall '75



Com-Mini-cations . . .

Greetings! Here we are again, well on our way to another productive fun filled year of Mini-School. I have a strong feeling this year could be Mini-School's best. There seems to be a real enthusiasm for the program and involvement among the students. I also have high hopes for Com-Mini-Cations this year. Last year, the newsletter was very successful in expressing Mini-School students' views and feelings and reporting on Mini-School happenings.

I know the paper is really going to be something this year. I hope to get an issue out every month. I am looking forward to receiving all the fine articles I know you students are going to write. Write on.

--Lester

~~~~~

### The Eagle

The eagle with its wings so high  
flying so proudly through the sky  
symbolizing life, freedom, and liberty  
so beautiful and sacred to see

The eagle is in danger today  
being shot down without purpose to say  
if the eagle could speak to us on land  
the eagle would say to hell with man

The sky is big enough for the eagle to fly  
people have the earth, eagles have the sky  
we should leave them alone to go their  
separate ways  
to start living free again one of these days.

--Carla Schiro

\*Carla also designed the cover this issue.

\*\*\*\*\*

### Fund Raisers

Over the past few years, the students in the Mini-School program have raised hundreds of dollars in support of their program. This money has been raised through dances, car washes, donations, and raffles. By far the most successful methods of fund raising have been raffles. The money raised through these efforts has gone for many things, but has primarily been spent to upgrade Mini-School's experiential education, or "trips" program.

Mini-School was dealt a blow last spring when the school district's attorney, Frank Kelly, in response to a query by Dr. Draayer, Minnetonka superintendent, interpreted a state law to read that raffles were illegal. While this ruling raised many questions by Mini-School students, the main one being "why can the city of Excelsior have a raffle to raise money for a bandshell if raffles are illegal?" The ruling at this time still stands. Hopefully it can be changed.

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2  
fund raisers continued. . .

Meanwhile, the Mini-School program was hard pressed to come up with a means of raising monies which was as effective as the raffles. Responding to this challenge with their usual inspiration and creativity, the Mini-School staff and students came up with an answer. An organization called the Mini-School Boosters presently exists. At this time it is only a paper organization which serves as a vehicle through which contributors can donate money to the Mini-School program. The fund-raising idea is to sell memberships to the Mini-School Boosters Club. For \$1.00, a person receives a membership card and a subscription to Com-Mini-Cations for the year. As with raffles the potential of the fund-raising effort is limited only by the number of memberships kids can sell. This effort even has an advantage over a raffle in that it is ongoing—memberships are renewable every year.

Mini-School hopes to begin its membership drive: the first week of October. It could work.

—Doug Berg

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Fly. . . fly by night. Try your  
damndest to reach the sky.  
Never rest, no never fall.  
The top of achievement is tall.  
So few have seen the high  
many fail, many have yet to try. . .  
You mustn't look back for  
you will see all the happiness  
you now lack. A greater sadness  
now captivates your  
mind, only few know how hard  
this is to find.  
Fly. . . fly deep into this  
new life, this new high. . .

—Carrie Ernst

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### Mini-Trip to Carver Park

As Mini-School goes farther into the school year, more and more Mini-Trips are taken, such as the one to Carver Park. Nick and Lester took some students to Carver Park to sit and study the wild life, such as all the geese and birds and even the little things like the little caterpillars. It was alot of fun, and I wish you all could have been there.

—Dale Dallmann

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### Mini-School Students Help Out

Four Mini-School students: Mike Marron, Ted Pfiffner, Mike Weitalla and Betty Pfiffner and two mainstream students, Cathy Sullivan and Lisa Lund, went to Dunas, a little town near Northfield approximately fifty miles from here. We all volunteered to help Mr. McKosh reorganize his bookstore warehouse after it was vandelized. Mr. McKosh spent twenty years building up this warehouse. When we walked in, we couldn't believe the mess. Every book and shelf and paper was thrown about.

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McKosh continued. . .

We spent our time putting the place back together and when we finished we felt a sense of accomplishment. Mr. McKosh will be giving Mini-School some of his books in payment for the students' work.

--Betty Pfiffner

=====  
Mini-Trip: Art Institute

Thursday Sept. 23, we took our first Mini-Trip for the year to the Minneapolis Institute of Arts. Eleven students and three teachers went. The place is very big, one part of it was where college students worked on art and have classes. The other part was the art exhibits. Most of us split up for an hour or so and looked at what we wanted. We all met back at the Indian exhibit. John was telling us some of the things he knew of the Ghost Dances. It started out in 1889 when Wovaka, a North American Indian prophet had a vision in which he saw a great spirit which said the Indians would again see greenland, buffalo and game. The great spirit gave Wovaka a dance, songs, and prayers to give to his people. The spirit instructed Wovaka to spread the news to other tribes and some day they would see the vision too in which no white man would step foot on their land. They continued the dances and prayers until the soldiers came and killed the ghost dancers at Wounded Knee. The dreams and visions are painted on the garments at the exhibit.

--Betty Pfiffner

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A Look at the Mini-School Classes

The classes this year provide a variety of subjects. Each teacher seems to have found an area that they are interested in relating to the Mini-School students.

First hour John is working on improving reading and writing skills. We can read whatever we like. All the books that we read are kept in a file so we can keep track of how much we read and what subjects we cover. The writing part of the class consists of writing one full page on whatever topic we choose. These can be done any day of the week.

Randy's second hour is called Election '76. Randy is attempting to clarify the issues of the election and is helping us to get to know just where each candidate stands on an issue.

Doug's class third hour is a self awareness class. His discussions cover feelings, how we deal with them, the healthy way we can deal with our emotions. He presents alternative ways to react to emotions without acting them out in negative ways.

People fourth hour in Nick's room have been working on different areas in math, including fractions, algebra, division, and percents. Lately, we have begun working on a wall mural in the room.

--Julie Borden

HELP!!!

We've decided that it's time for a change. The Mini-School rooms are really getting depressing. Doug's is first on the list of repairs. We'd like to do something about it, but there are a few things we'll need: paint (any color), brushes, rustolium, rollers, wall hangings, plant clippings, plant hangers, anything! Clean out your garage and bring in what you can. Thanks.

--Denise Monette



A Late Answer

Beyond that sand of firs was a small clearing where the woods ran out of breath or the winds beat them back. No one was born there and no one would be, but you could bury a lonely man there or an animal you didn't want out for flies to eat. As we passed under the trees you were cold and took my hand and felt a shiver pass through me, but you didn't let go. When you spoke at last it was to ask after my thoughts, but just then we broke into light so unexpected I had to close my eyes and saw the fire swimming there and had such a vision of the end of my life the trees turning to great flowers of flame and the field ringed with sword bearing angles.

I could say nothing, but held on to your hand and you mine, both in the dream and in that bare place where the North Sea winds lashed our faces with sudden spurts of rain. Now, on the other side of the world, years later, I know the ant came here believing he would rule, and he waits for the wren to fall, the grass waits blowing it's breath into this morning that rises darkly on the wet winds. Somewhere the sea saves it's tears for the rising tide, somewhere we'll leave the world weighing no more than when we came, and the answers will be the same, your hand in mine, mine in yours, in that clearing where the angles came towards us without laughter, without tears.

---Kay Nelson

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 Editorial

I'd like to take this space to write my feelings about Mini-School. First of all I'd like to say, that so far this quarter, it doesn't seem to be going too well. There are some people in the program that I hadn't even known were in there. I just can't understand why some people feel they can't make it to school for four hours a day. I really don't think some of you people realize how good you have it by being in Mini-School. I mean if you really think about it. For example:

Mini-School has only about 90 students. With this small of a group you get to know everyone pretty well. At least I feel I have, and that helps me to feel at ease in class. Second of all, there are so many extra curricular things we do that mainstream has been deprived of. They have probably never dreamed of spending a couple of weeks in the Black Hills, or canoeing through the boundary waters as part of their high school education. Last of all, which I feel is most important, is the Mini-School teachers aren't just teachers, but they are your friends. I've found out over my time here at Mini-School, that you can depend on, and trust them to help you with your personal or any other problems you might have.

I feel the teachers and the students have helped me a great deal in bettering myself, and I hope eventually you will feel the same way. Thank you.

---anonymous



I have recently gone to one of the many concerts at the Metropolitan Sports Center. It was on September 11, and was featuring a very well known group from Texas, called ZZ Top.

The performance was excellent. The curtain opened and I couldn't believe my eyes. The stage was shaped like the state of Texas. On both sides of the stage there were animals—a white longhorned steer and a buffalo. To the rear of the stage, there was a vulture propped upon a t-shaped stand, and to the front there were two rattlesnakes.

As you were looking onto the stage from your seat, the whole scene looked like a prairie—the cacti and cattle skulls really helped carry out the effect.

There were three musicians—two guitarists (one bass) and one drummer. Both Bobby Gibbons and Dusty Hill sang loud enough to be heard over the crowd. There were approximately 13,000 people, so it was pretty crowded.

The warm-up band was a group called Pure Prairie League. They too were pretty good, but nothing like ZZ Top.

—Kris Pfaff

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#### Northern Wisconsin Trip

Mini-School is trying something a little bit different this year. Two Mini-School staff members, John Eiden and Lesley Seamans and eight Mini-School students, will be going to northern Wisconsin to learn how to fly fish, sail, and do some backpacking. This is a new and exciting experience for the staff as well as for the students. The group will backpack on the North Country Trail (from Mellen to Drummond), a hike of some forty miles. The sailing/wood chopping experience will consist of the students and staff chopping wood for a man, and in return, he will bring the students on a sailboat ride around the Apostle Islands and offer some basic instruction in crew sailing.

Here is the agenda:

- Oct. 5-7: fishing (Brule River)
- Oct. 8-10: backpacking (Mellen to Drummond)
- Oct. 11-12: sailing/woodchopping (Bayfield)
- Oct. 13: home

—Wendy Berg

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#### Canoe Trip Cancelled—Read All About It

Due to the extreme fire conditions in the Superior National Forest in Minnesota and the Quetico Provincial Park in Ontario, the proposed Mini-School canoe trip, which was to circumnavigate the Quetico, has been cancelled. Before making this decision, the advice of a canoe outfitter on Saganaga Lake was sought, the advice of the U.S. Forest Service was sought, and the advice of the Canadian Forest Service was sought. The canoe outfitter and forest rangers from the U.S. and Canadian services all advised against taking the trip. The BWCA has been closed since September 13 and the U.S. Forest Service does not expect to open it until the first permanent snowfall. The Quetico is open, but canoeists are being strongly discouraged from taking any trip.

This will be the first time in its seven years of existence that the Mini-School program has not taken a major canoe trip in the fall. It is unfortunate that students have to be disappointed, yet it is somewhat comforting to know that man does not yet control all facets of his existence.

—Doug Berg



Straight From the Babies Crib

Hi there everybody. I'm back again. For all you new people in the program my name is Agatha. When I was just born the people from the paper asked me to write what I thought about the world. Well anyway, ever since I've been writing for the paper, well alot has happened since I last wrote. I'm gonna be one year old next month. I'm still getting this terrible baby food and my big brother Ralphy barely ever sneaks me spaggetios anymore, cause Mom caught him. And boy did he catch it. And that big hairy monster that they call Rover bit me once, so he lives outside now. You know what I learned that's very important: crying! Crying can be very handy except ya gotta know the right time cause if you cry when mommy's watching the soap opera "All My Children," you don't cry cause then she really gets mad. But most of the time you can get anything you want from crying. I have a boy friend, he's an older man. He's two years old!!! And my he's cute. He's even talking alot, he's teaching me. He's a real nice guy to me. He shares his toys with me and he doesn't eat baby food anymore, so I gotta have some of his skettios when mommy's not watchin. Tee hee! Well, I'd better go. I have to get my beauty rest. Freddy's comin over ya know. Bye, goo goo.

—Terry Politte

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Julie

Nobody told me how to love her.

Nobody seemed to even care.

I thought that I might be the lucky one

to have her standin' there

It happened on a summer's day,

the sky was full of life

and as she turned and smiled to me

I felt something grow inside.

We parted there now memories,

are all we have to share.

I told her I would be back soon,

to see her smiling face.

I swore to God she would be mine

but will my dream come true?

Will I see her smiling face,

and will she wait for me?

—Mike Rishavy

+++++

Notice All Coffee Drinkers

Not all Mini-School students are coffee drinkers. Those who are should bring their own cup to use, and are expected to put money donations into the can in the Mini-School office. This donation is to keep coffee available for those who want it. Usually coffee is already made. No one is appointed to make it each day, anyone can if none is ready. Important:

People who bring their cups to school leave them in the office and expect their cup to be there after they put it back. If you don't have a cup, ask to borrow one from someone you know or just don't drink coffee for that day. People lately have been having problems with their cups being lost or stolen. So PLEASE! Put your names on them and use your own, no one else's. Everyone will be much happier, thank you.

—Michele Devere



Well I wonder where she'll stash me this time? I hope not in that box filled with her old horse relics. I can't stand the stench of horse, old or new! Or, under her mattress, where I get stretched and wrecked until I'm sure I no longer have a decent ninety degree angle left on any of my corners, from all her rude mannered friends lounging all over the bed. Or worse yet, when they bop up and down to the stereo. My seams are in shreds.

I don't think she should write those things if she's afraid someone will read them. I guess humans are too cruel to trust. A bunch of hypocrits! I'm glad she has me. I think I'm helping her and it makes me feel important. I play the basic necessary roles to enable her to maintain a healthy mind. When the guilt feelings surface, I am the symbolic God she repents to, searching for peace of mind. I show her a true reflection of herself, for I am her own reality in black and white. I'm a cheap secretary and keep things in order. I am a mute friend, entrusted with her deepest and most private emotions. I am also a release for anger, which proves to be painful when she handles her pencil as a knife, and that hard, cold lead tears across my skin. I like ink, for it skims across my skin and leaves elegant lines, with that warm, shiney ink.

But, what I hate the most is when she doesn't talk to me, and leaves me naked for a day. And when she goes on trips, she leaves me in an odd, and lonely place, tucked away, forgotten. That's when she puts me in that dreaded box of old horse relics.

Who would ever look for a diary there?

—Kay Nelson

=====

Bug

Walking down the halls of Minnetonka  
in the morning

snif sniff, ah choo,

Bless you, thank you

Sitting in a quiet class while  
the teacher is talking

snif, sniff, ah choo

bless you, thank you

The problem flue bug, he's

after everyone to put them into

their misery of a sore throat and  
a runny nose with no "Puffs" handy

for a quick blow

snif, sniff, ah choo

bless you, thank you

Hands passing cherry cough drops and

Sucrets in the halls with C. J.

snooping around thinking of a bust.

People clearing sore throats trying to hide  
their funny voices so no one notices.

snif, sniff, ah choo

bless you, thank you

Soon days pass on, less and less people

stop crowding in the main hall, voices

seem to fade away and attendance

is down and only one or two sniff, sniffs,

ah choos, bless you's and thank you's

are strained out of sore voiced people.

continued next page. . .



8 continued . . .

Police are suspicious of where the kids are.  
 No parties to bust, they  
 think something is up.  
 Yes, it's the bug!!!  
 sniff, sniff, ah choo  
 bless you, thank you

As a week passes on, the halls  
 of Minnetonka High are alive and  
 well with healthy students  
 ready to get to classes and learn(?)  
 (what's that word mean?)  
 and plan a party to get caught up with  
 their loss of a weekend gone by.  
 sniff  
 going down the hall in between  
 classes trying to budge down the hall  
 you hear laughter and a few sniffs  
 just about gone and people yelling  
 sniff, hey how's ya feeling,  
 much better how's 'bout  
 yourself? sniff

The bug has gone and done his  
 dirty work. But next year  
 he shall return.

—Michele Devere

The Wall of Hell

Morning comes, night will fall,  
 you're in love, aren't we all?  
 People cry, I'm alone  
 nobody's here, it must be time to go.  
 I see colored light against the sky  
 nobody see's that I am still alive.  
 as time goes on years pass by  
 people I knew think I surely have died.  
 I scream out!  
 Nobody hears  
 Am I alive am I really still here?  
 Morning comes  
 night will fall  
 Nobody sees that I'm  
 "Stuck in the wall of hell."

—Mike Rishavy



## Mini-School

Minnetonka High School, a western suburb of Minneapolis, Mn, for six years has offered a unique alternative learning program, called Mini-School, which attempts to meet the emotional, social and academic needs of 100 potential 10-12 grade "drop-out" students.

Yes, suburban students do encounter traumatic life experiences which may affect their ability to be healthy learners, just as inner-city students have their special problems of survival. Problems such as transient family patterns and broken homes, alcoholism, failure to compete in the academic race and inability to achieve wants of goal-oriented parents all result in characteristics such as lack of self confidence, frustration with regular school, lack of motivation and disciplinary problems, such as truancy, insubordination, vandalism, etc.

Mini-School, even though located within Minnetonka High School, is an autonomous program whose students attend Mini-School classes of Social Studies, Communications, mathematics, and English during the morning hours. In the afternoon four basic options are offered: (1) being an aide in one of six elementary schools or two junior high schools; (2) employment at any local business establishment; (3) attending a regular school class or carrying out an independent study project; (4) attending vocational school. Deviations from this basic schedule are many and varied. One important variation is the Outdoor Survival Education Curriculum in which students and staff share the experiences of stress and excitement of surviving in foreign environments such as: Boundary Waters Area Canoe trips, rock climbing, hiking in the Grand Canyon or Appalachia, bicycle trips and extended winter camping and climbing. This aspect of the program is vitally important as it allows the teacher and student to come to know each other as people who care. Important to note here is that these outdoor experiences are financed through student initiative alone which is a learning experience in itself and one that we intend to continue to support in this manner. . .